

THE
LIFE
OF
THOMAS PAIN,
THE
AUTHOR OF THE SEDITIOUS WRITINGS,
ENTITLED
RIGHTS OF MAN.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE general reception of the following Life has made a sixth edition necessary.

This republication furnishes a proper opportunity to correct such petty errors as are the usual effects of pamphlet-writing and of pamphlet-printing. But, there were no errors in the incidents of the Life: the facts had been diligently collected, and the circumstances were precisely stated.

Mr. Pain has noticed THE LIFE in his second part of *Rights of Man*: yet, however urged by interest, or quickened by shame, he has not controverted one assertion; he has confirmed some facts, without denying any: and, of consequence, he has admitted the whole of the following narrative to be true, which indeed could not be disputed, without contradicting dates, and invalidating records.

But, his admirers have found an apology for him, though he could find none for himself. What signifies the profligacy of his character, say they, if he write a good book? Before we can, however, determine, whether a book be good or not, we always make some necessary inquiries. The moment we take up a volume, we ask, Who is the author, that we may judge of his purpose from his character; whether he write as a cool disquisitor, or as a furious incendiary: If it be a history, we inquire as to the veracity of the historian, that we may be satisfied how far we can trust him: if it be a political treatise, we also ask, if the writer have probity, that we may be convinced, whether he mean to inform, or delude. Now, Mr. Pain's writings are partly historical, and partly disquisitive. Of consequence, the following narrative will furnish answers to all those previous inquiries; thereby enabling the reader to determine, whether the author be an honest man, who means well, or an utter profligate, who intends mischief; and whether his books, either as to their tendency, or their execution, merit the approbation, or the contempt of the reader; the shelf of the philosopher, or the faggot of the hangman.

THE

T H E L I F E
O F
T H O M A S P A I N, &c. &c. &c.

FEW men have exhibited a life more worthy of notice, either as an example to be avoided by the present times, or as a lesson to be learned by after ages, than the character, whose actions we are now to relate.

At Thetford he was born, on the 29th of January, 1736-7. His father was Joseph Pain, the son of a small but reputable farmer, a stay-maker by trade, and a Quaker by religion: his mother was Frances Cocke, the daughter of an attorney at Thetford, and of the established church. Joseph Pain was a reputable citizen, and though poor, an honest man: Frances Cocke was a woman of a sour temper, and an eccentric character: and they were married in the parish of Euston, near Thetford, on the 20th of June, 1734*. By this act of taking his wife from the church, Joseph Pain was, according to the rules of the Quakers, at once expelled from their community. But, neither this irregularity, nor this expulsion, prevented that benevolent sect from pitying his distresses through life, and relieving his wants as they were seen. The father and mother both lived to know their son's vices, to pity his misfortunes, to hear of his fame, but to partake little of his bounty †. It arose probably from the tenets of the father, and from the eccentricity of the mother, that Pain was never baptized ‡, though he was privately named; and never received, like true Christians, into the bosom of any church, though he was indeed confirmed by the bishop of Norwich: This last circumstance was owing to the orthodox zeal of Mistress Cocke, his aunt, a woman of such goodness, that though she lived on a small annuity, she imparted much of her little income to his mother, while he was not very solicitous about his aged parent, amidst his cares for mankind.

Pain was educated at the free-school of Thetford, under Mr. Knowles, who, whatever were his merits, is said to have never risen to be master. The expence of young Pain's education was de-

* See the register of the parish of Euston.

† Joseph Pain was buried at Thetford on the 14th of November, 1786, aged 78.—Frances Pain, widow, was buried on the 18th of May, 1789, and recorded to be 94; but, as she was born in January, 1697-8, the parish register makes her age to be greater than it was, though she had far outlived the period which is assigned to mortals.

‡ As he was not baptised, the baptism of Thomas Pain is not entered on the parish books of Thetford. It is a remarkable fact, that the leaves of the two registers of the parishes of St. Cuthbert's and St. Peter's, in Thetford, containing the marriages, births, and burials, from the end of 1733, to the beginning of 1737, have been completely cut out. Thus, a felony has been committed against the public, and an injury done to individuals, by a hand very malicious and wholly unknown. Whether our author, when he resided at Thetford in 1787, looked into these registers for his own birth; what he saw, or what he did, we will not conjecture. They contain the baptism of his sister Elizabeth, on the 28th of August, 1738.

THE LIFE OF

frayed chiefly by his father, with the assistance of his mother's relations. He was deemed a sharp boy, of unsettled application; but he left no performances which denote juvenile vigour, or uncommon attainments. His studies were directed, by his expectations, to what is useful, more than to what is ornamental: to reading, writing, and cyphering, which are so commodious to tradesmen, rather than to classical knowledge, which is so decorous in gentlemen. With such instruction, he left the school, at the age of thirteen, in order to learn his father's trade. The business of a stay-maker he never liked, nor indeed any occupation, which required attentive diligence and steady effort. He, however, worked on with his father, fitting stays for the ladies of Thetford, during five years, except for a short while that he laboured with a cousin, in making bodices for the girls of Shipdam, in the county of Norfolk *. But though he had thus been educated, according to the recommendation of Mr. Locke; though a trade be better than house and land; yet the trade, and house, and land, are of no avail, if the person have no moral rectitude, nor any heedful industry.

At the age of nineteen, and in the year 1756, our author adventured to London, the common receptacle of the silly and the wise, of the needy and the opulent, of the busy and the idle. In this crowd, which confounds the greatest with the least, Pain cannot be distinguished. He worked for some time with Mr. Morris, a very noted stay-maker, in Hanover-street, Long-acre.

He was after awhile prompted by his restlessness, to look for new prospects at Dover, in 1758. For almost a twelvemonth Pain worked with Mr. Grace, a respectable stay-maker in that ancient cinque-port. Meantime, Miss Grace either won our author's heart, or Pain attempted to win the heart of Miss Grace. And the father was thus induced to lend him ten pounds, in order to enable our adventurer to set up as a master stay-maker at Sandwich. Yet is it certain, that he neither married the lady, nor repaid the loan, though Mr. Grace be still alive, and in no opulent circumstances, to reclaim the debt.

At Sandwich he settled in April, 1759. Biographers have been diligent to discover in what houses famous men had lived at particular periods of their depression, or their elevation. Of our author it can be only told, that he lodged in the market-place. The well known antiquary of this ancient port has at length determined, that he was not the first who had here used the mystery of stay-making. It is, however, certain, that he practised other arts. There is a tradition, that in his lodging he collected a congregation, to whom he preached as an independent, or a methodist.

* He indeed tells himself [*Rights*, part ii. p. 91] what surely cannot be true, "That when little more than sixteen years of age, I entered on board the Terrible privateer, Capt. Death." He was certainly born on the 29th of January, 1736-7: He was, of course, sixteen on the 29th of January, 1753. But, the war was not declared against France till the 17th of May, 1756, when he had entered into his twentieth year: The Terrible was fitted out probably in the summer of 1756, and was certainly captured in January 1757. These facts evince how little Pain is to be trusted, when he does pretend to give a passage of his own life.

While thus occupied, he became enamoured of the person, or the property, of Mary Lambert, the waiting woman of the wife of Richard Solly, an eminent woollen-draper at Sandwich. Mary Lambert, who is still praised by her own sex as a pretty girl of modest behaviour, Pain married on the 27th of September, 1759*. She was the daughter of James Lambert, who, with his wife Mary, came to Sittingbourne, as an exciseman, some time before the year 1736; and who was soon after dismissed for misconduct. On this dismissal he set up a shop, but made greater gains, by acting as bumbailiff of Sittingbourne: yet he died in bad circumstances, on the 24th of May, 1753†; his wife dying about the same time, in a mad-house. The women of Sandwich, to this hour, express their surprise, *that so fine a girl should have married so old a fellow: yet, Mary was a little more than twenty-one*; while Thomas had only passed twenty-two. The fact is, that our author has always appeared to female eyes a dozen years older than he was, owing to the hardness of his features, or to the scars of disease.

Marriage is the great epoch of a man's life. Pain was now to maintain his wife and family by his trade. The tradition of Sandwich still repeats, that he expected a fortune on his marriage, which he never found. In expectation there are doubtless degrees of comparison. A man beginning life, as a stay-maker, on ten pounds of borrowed money, has other hopes and other fears, than men of vast wealth and unbounded expectancy. Disappointment has a sad effect on the human constitution. Two months had hardly elapsed, when our adventurer's ill usage of his wife became apparent to the whole town, and excited the indignation of some, with the pity of others. Influenced by the genuine goodness of the English character, Mrs. Solly relieved the distresses of her old favourite with constant solicitude. This unhappy couple did not live long in comfortless lodgings. He took the house of Mrs. Rainier, next the Board-yard, on Dolphin key, without being able to furnish it. Mr. Rutter, a reputable upholsterer of Sandwich, supplied him with such furniture as he wanted. But it ere long appeared, that our adventurer desired relief as much as he wished for residence. And being embarrassed with debts, and goaded by duns, he was thus obliged to depart in the night between the seventh and eighth of April, 1760, from Sandwich, with his wife, to Margate; carrying with him the stays of a customer, and a stove of his house. At Margate he sold by auction the furniture, which Mr. Rutter had supplied him on credit; the stays being recovered by a timely claim.

* In the church register there is the following entry:—Thomas Pain, of the parish of St. Peter's, in the town of Sandwich, in Kent, bachelor, and Mary Lambert, of the same parish, spinster, were married in this church, by licence, this 27th day of Sept. 1759, by me

WILLIAM BUNCE, Rector.

In the presence of

THOMAS TAYLOR,
MARIA SOLLY,
JOHN JOSLIN.

THOMAS PAIN,
MARY LAMBERT.

† The Parish Register of Sittingbourne.

‡ Mary, the daughter of James and Mary Lambert, was baptized on the 1st of January, 1738. See the parish register of Sittingbourne.

Our

Pain, we fear, committed on this occasion an old crime, which has now a new name. In Henry VIIIth's days, he who obtained another's property by false tokens, was punished, by pillory, as a cheat. In George II^d's reign, persons convicted of obtaining goods by false pretences, were to be transported, as swindlers. Had Pain been indicted at the Old Bailey, he might have insisted, as he still insists, that the laws of England did not exist. The court would, probably, have either sent him to Bedlam, or to Bridewell; or have proceeded with the trial, and adjudged the guilty culprit to the colonies, or the cart's tail.

When our adventurer had settled his various affairs at Margate, he once more mingled with the crowds of London. Of the fate of his wife, rumour has spoken variously. By some she is said to have perished on the road of ill usage, and a premature birth. The women of Sandwich are positive, that she died in the British Lying-in Hospital, in Brownlow-street, Long-acre; but the register of this charity, which is kept with commendable accuracy, evinces, that she had not been received into this laudable refuge of female wretchedness*. And there are others, who have convinced themselves by diligent enquiry, that she is still alive, though the extreme obscurity of her retreat prevents ready discovery. The trials, which Pain had made of his trade, as they had brought him no pleasure and little gain, induced him to renounce it at this time for ever. When a youth, he had inquired into the duty, and envied the perquisites, of an exciseman. His wife had, doubtless, spoken of the emoluments of her deceased father. And he was induced by these considerations, in July, 1761, to seek for shelter in his father's house, that he might prosecute in quiet privacy, at Thetford, the great object of his future course.

After fourteen months of study and trials, Pain was established in the excise, on the 1st of December, 1762, at the age of twenty-five. He owed this gratification of his wishes to the friendly interference of Mr. Cockedge, the learned recorder of Thetford. He was immediately sent, as a supernumerary, to gage the brewer's casks at Grantham; and on the 8th of August, 1764, he was employed to watch the smugglers of Alford. Whether, while he thus walked as a supernumerary at Grantham, or rode as an exciseman at Alford, his practices had been misrepresented by malice, or his dishonesty had been detected by watchfulness, tradition has not told us: but, it is certain, that he was dismissed from his office, for misconduct, on the 27th of August, 1765.

Our adventurer was now reduced to extreme wretchedness. He was absolutely without food, without raiment, and without shelter. Bad, however, must that man be, who finds no friends in London. He met with persons, who, from disinterested kindness, gave him clothes, money, and lodging. Thus he lived till the 11th of July, 1766, when he was restored to the excise. But mere restoration did not

* A diligent search in the books of the *London Lying-in Hospital*, in the City Road, found no such person as Mistress Pain to have died in it, during the years 1760, or 1761.

bring him present employment. And he was about the same time obliged to enter into the service of Mr. Noble, who kept the great Academy in Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, at a salary of twenty pounds a year, with five pounds for finding his own lodging. Here he continued, teaching English, and walking out with the children, 'till Christmas, 1766, disliked by the mistrels, who still remembers him, and hated by the boys, who were terrified by his harshness. Mr. Noble relinquished his usher, without much regret, to Mr. Gardnor, who then taught a reputable school at Kensington: yet, owing to whatever cause, he walked with Mr. Gardnor's scholars only the three first months of 1767. His desire of preaching now returned on him: but applying to his old master for a certificate of his qualifications, to the bishop of London, Mr. Noble told his late usher, that since he was no scholar, and had no good character, he would not recommend him as a proper candidate for ordination in the church. Pain, however, determined to persevere in his purpose, without regular orders. And he preached in Moorfields, and in other populous places in England, as he was urged by his necessities, or directed by his spirit. The text, which so emphatically inculcates, *meddle not with them that are given to change*, we may easily suppose, he superficially explained, or seldom enforced.

The scene ere long shifted: and our adventurer was at length to play an old part on a new stage. In March, 1768, he was sent, after some delays, to be excise-officer at Lewes, in Sussex. He now went to lodge with Mr. Samuel Ollive, a tobacconist and shop-keeper of fair repute, in Lewes: but he seems to have learned no practical lessons from his former distress. At the age of thirty-one he was rather ambitious to shine as a *jolly fellow* among his private companions, to whom, however, he exposed a temper, obstinate and overbearing, than to be considered by his official superiors as an exciseman, remarkable for diligence and fidelity. He lived on, suspected as an exciseman, and unbeloved as a friend, with Samuel Ollive till his death, in July, 1769. This worthy tobacconist died rather in bad circumstances, leaving a widow, one daughter, and several sons, who have prospered as industrious citizens, and are respected as honest men. Pain, attempting to retain some of the effects of the deceased, was turned out of the house by Mr. Attersol, the executor, with such circumstances as implied distrust of his honesty. He found his way, however, into the house of Ollive, in 1770, by means of the widow and the daughter, who, doubtless, looked on him with other eyes. He opened ere long the shop, in his own name as a grocer, and on his own behalf continued to work the tobacco-mill of Ollive, however contrary both the shop and the mill were to the rules of the excise. Such was his address, or his artifice, that though he had promoted the buying of smuggled tobacco, he was able, for several years, to cover his practices, and to retain his protector.

The year 1771 forms one of the happy periods of his life. At the age of thirty-four he now married Elizabeth Ollive, the daughter

of his old landlord, who was eleven years younger than himself*, and who was a woman of such goodness, as to attract men of higher rank and greater delicacy. Pain had, however, gained her affections; and she would have him, contrary to the advice of Mr. Attersol, her father's friend, and to the remonstrances of her own relations. This marriage began inauspiciously and ended unhappily. Before our adventurer could have obtained his marriage-license, he swore that he was a *bachelor*, when he knew, that he was a *widower*, if indeed his first wife were deceased †. Pain was, on this occasion, instrumental too, with his eyes open, in entering on the register that he was a *bachelor*, though he knew he was a *widower*. Now, the Marriage-act, declares it to be felony without benefit of clergy, wilfully to make a false entry on the register, with intention to defeat the salutary purposes of the law, in recording truth, discriminating characters, and ascertaining property.

After these vicissitudes of fortune, and those varieties of fame, our adventurer commenced public writer in 1771. The electors of New Shoreham had lately acted in such a manner as to make a new election necessary. The poets of Lewes were called upon by the candidate of fairest pretensions, to furnish an election song. Pain produced the best, and got three guineas for his pains. It may, then, be doubted, whether it be strictly true, what he asserted, in his newspaper altercations, in 1779, that till the epoch of his *Common Sense*, he had never published a syllable.

If the distributing of printed papers be publication, it will soon appear, that Pain had not been quite innocent, of publishing in England. He had risen, by superior energy, more than by greater honesty, to be a chief among the excisemen. A design was formed by the excise officers throughout the kingdom, to apply to Parliament for a consideration of the state of their salaries. A common contribution was made for the common benefit. And Pain engaged to write their *Case*, which he produced, after many months labour, in 1772. This is an octavo pamphlet of twenty-one pages, which, exclusive of *The Introduction*, is divided into two heads; *The State of the Salary of the Officers of Excise*; *Thoughts on the Corruption, arising from the Poverty of Excise Officers*. On these topics he says all that the ablest writer could have said. But, if our author's maiden pamphlet be inspected by critical malignity, it will be found, like his maturer writings, to abound in the false grammar of illiterature, and the false thoughts of inexperience. His first pamphlet will be considered as his best performance by all those, who regard truth as

* The following entry appears on the parish register of St. Michael, in Lewes:—Thomas Pain, *bachelor*, and Elizabeth Ollive, spinster, were married in this church, by license, the 26th of March, 1771. By me, ROBERT AUSTEN, Curate.

Witnesses,

HENRY VERRALL.

THOMAS OLLIVE.

(Signed)

THOMAS PAIN.

ELIZABETH OLLIVE.

† It is a very remarkable fact, that the marriage affidavits, within the district of Lewes, during 1771, the year of Pain's marriage, should be missing; yet, that the marriage affidavits, during 1770 and 1772, should be safe. Whether this loss happened by design, or accident, we will not conjecture, though we think the coincidence rather extraordinary.

superior to falsehood, modesty to impudence, and just complaint to factious innovation.

Four thousand of *The Case* were printed by Mr. William Lee, of Lewes, in 1772. But even the copies, which were intended for the Members of Parliament, were not all distributed. Pain on that occasion also wrote a letter concerning the *Nottingham officers*, which was printed on a folio sheet; and to these he added another letter, enforcing his case, on a folio page. Yet, all these efforts ended in no application to Parliament, though our adventurer bustled in London, through the winter of 1773. The excisemen could only reproach their instigator for receiving their money, without obtaining them redress. And of Pain, the printer complained, that he had not been paid for printing, though much had been contributed, and little had been spent. This is a memorable instance how easily men may be led on to complain of their present situation, without any other success, than making their subsequent condition worse than their first.

Those were not Pain's only cares. With the year 1774 misfortunes crowded fast upon him. He is one of those characters, who, as they attend more to other men's affairs than their own, are frequently distinguished, in the world, by misfortunes. His inattention to his shop ere long left him without a shop to attend. Difficulties soon brought on distress; and distress drove him to do what strict honesty did not absolutely warrant. He made a bill of sale of his whole effects to Mr. Whitfield, a reputable grocer at Lewes, who was his principal creditor; and who, seeing no hope of payment from his constant irregularities, took possession of the premises, which he disposed of as his own, in April 1774 *. The other creditors, thinking themselves outwitted by Whitfield, and cheated by Pain, let loose the terriers of the law upon him. Like other hunted animals, our adventurer ran for refuge to the Whitehorse-inn, in the cock-loft of which he lay, without bedding, and but for the female servant, had been without food, till Sunday set him free.

Troubles seldom come alone. He had long been known at Lewes as an officer, inattentive, if not unfaithful. He had sometimes condescended, for the purpose of concealment, to drink a bottle with the examiner†. But, the eyes of the excise were not to be blinded by bottles. With the watchfulness, which makes the excise the neatest

* Mr. Whitfield by publishing the following advertisement, exposed to the whole town of Lewes, the desperate state of his debtor's circumstances: "To be sold by auction, on Thurday the 14th of April, and following day, all the houshold furniture, stock in trade, and other effects, of Thomas Pain, grocer and tobacconist, near the West Gate, in Lewes: Also a horse-tobacco and snuff-mill, with all the utensils for cutting of tobacco and grinding of snuff; and two unopened crates of cream-coloured stone ware."

† As every scrap of such a writer is interesting to the curious, we have preserved the subjoined extract of a letter from Pain to a superior excise officer, dated at Lewes, the 24th of March, 1774:

" Dear Sir,

" I have requested Mr. Scott to put ye 3d and 4th id. books for 74 under examination, for as I was in London almost all last winter, I have no other, which have any busines in them—Request the favour (if not too inconvenient) to inquire and inform me when they are ordered—and if you can find out the examiner, desire you will drink a bottle or two of wine with him—I should like the character to go in as fair as it can."

collector, at the smallest rate, his superiors had for some time beheld him, dealing as a grocer in exciseable articles, as a grinder of snuff buying smuggled tobacco; at others conniving, in order to conceal himself. He was therefore dismissed from the excise, after a dozen years service, on the 8th of April 1774. He petitioned for restoration: but, such was his notoriousness, that his patron was unable to protect him.

What had been seen at Sandwich of his conjugal tyranny was ere long observed at Lewes. Such was the meekness of his wife that she suffered patiently: but as his embarrassments did not mollify a temper, which is from nature harsh; as his subordination to others did not soften his treatment of inferiors, from neglect of his wife, he proceeded to contumely; from contumely he went on to cruelty; when, being no longer able to support his repeated beatings, she complained to her friends. She, at length, told, that at the end of three and a half year's cohabitation, their marriage had never been consummated. Pain said in his justification, if such baseness can admit of any, "that he married for prudential reasons; and ab-
"stained for prudential reasons." On the 24th of May, 1774, Pain and his wife entered into articles of separation, which were skilfully drawn by Mr. Josias Smith, a most respectable attorney of of Lewes; she engaging to pay her husband thirty-five pounds; and he promising to claim no part of whatever goods she might gain in future.

Our adventurer immediately hid himself in the obscurities of London, from the contempt of women, and the indignation of men. But, though he was unseen, he was not inactive; he contrived to discover his wife's retreat in the house of her benevolent brother, who, tho' he had disapproved of her marriage, now sheltered her distress. The husband found no difficulty in disquieting the wife's repose. He disputed the articles of separation, which he had recently executed with such solemnity. On the 4th of June, 1774, his wife was terrified to enter into new articles of separation, which amounted to a declaration on his part, *that he no longer found a wife a convenience*; and on her part, *that she had too long suffered the miseries of such a husband*.

Neither the bankruptcy, nor dismissal from office, nor separation from his wife, weakened Pain's interest with the late George Lewis Scott, a commissioner of excise, who, having been first attracted by the *cafe* of the excisemen, was afterwards captivated by the softness of his manner, which concealed the vileness of his spirit. When his patron could not, for the third time, obtain our adventurer's restoration as an officer of excise, he recommended him strongly to Dr. Benjamin Franklin, as a person who could, at that epoch, be useful in America. The Doctor, having recently felt the mortification of dismission himself, was naturally softened by his own sufferings. And he was thus induced to give Pain a letter to Mr. Richard Beech, a wine merchant, in Philadelphia. Pain having, in this manner, been obliged by his misconduct and dishonesty to give up his country, set sail for America, in September 1774, where tumult then reigned

reigned triumphant ; where the busy might find employment, and the idle associates ; the base concealment, and the brave applause.

Meantime, rumour carried to Pain's mother, representations of his latter life, which were probably somewhat exaggerated by enmity, or mistated by malice. She certainly felt, that a child's ingratitude is sharper than a serpent's tooth. She was almost distracted by her feelings ; and she regretted with a woman's sympathy, that the wife, whose character had defied inquiry, and whose amiableness deserved esteem, should be tied for life to the worst of husbands*.

Pain arrived at Philadelphia in the winter of 1774, a few months, as he recounts himself, before the battle of Lexington, in April, 1775. His first employment, in the new world, was in the station of shopman to Mr. Aitkin, a very industrious bookseller, in Philadelphia, at twenty pounds a year.

From the shop he started to the laboratory, in November 1775, in order to furnish the Congress with saltpetre, when foreign supplies were stopped, and domestic resources were doubtful. He now employed his fertile genius in making experiments for the purpose of fixing on some easy, cheap, and expeditious method of making saltpetre. He proposed the plan of a saltpetre association, for voluntarily supplying the public magazines with gunpowder. He thus evinced to the Congress, that he could furnish other instruments of independence than the pen.

The great, the important day, was now arrived, when Pain was to publish, on the 10th of January, 1776, his COMMON SENSE, an octavo pamphlet of sixty-three pages. This disquisition opens with a political discovery, which had escaped the sagacity of Sydney, and eluded the understanding of Locke ; “ That society and government are not only different, but have different origins ; that society is a good, and government an evil.” This malicious nonsense was not heard, however, without a satisfactory answer. Society, it was said, is the *union* of man for the safety of individuals ; *happiness*

* We subjoin the following letter from Pain's mother to his wife ; because it ascertains his identity, and illustrates his character.

Tbetford, Norfolk, 27th July, 1774.

“ Dear Daughter,

“ I must beg leave to trouble you with my enquiries concerning my unhappy son and your husband : various are the reports, the which I find come originally from the Excise-office. Such as his vile treatment to you, his secreting upwards of 30l. intrusted with him to manage the petition for advance of salary ; and that since his discharge, he have petitioned to be restored, which was rejected with scorn. Since which I am told he have left England. To all which I beg you'll be kind enough to answyer me by due course of post.—You'll not be a little surprized at my so strongly desiring to know what's become of him, after I repeat to you his undutiful behaviour to the tenderest of parents ; he never asked of us any thing, but what was granted, that were in our poor abilities to do ; nay, even distressed ourselves, whose works are given over by old age, to let him have 20l. on bond, and every other tender mark a parent could possibly shew a child ; his ingratitude, or rather want of duty, has been such, that he have not wrote to me upwards of two years.—If the above account be true, I am heartily sorry, that a woman whose character and amiableness deserves the greatest respect, love, and esteem, as I have always on enquiry been informed yours did, should be tied for life to the worst of husbands.—I am, dear daughter, your affectionate mother,

F. P A I N.

“ P. S. For God's sake, let me have your answyer, as I am almost distracted.”

is the *end* of this *union*; and *government* is the *means* for the attainment of this *end*: Now, if you remove the *means*, either in practice, or in argument, you at the same time destroy the *end*; and if you defeat the *end*, you thereby dissolve the *union*. It was *CATO*, our author's most formidable antagonist, who argued thus. But *CATO* did not sufficiently attend to *Pain's* purpose; who intended more to misrepresent than to reason; more to deceive than to convince: and his design led him naturally to separate society from government, and to declare society to be always a good, but government even of the best form, to be every where an evil.

Yet, it cannot be denied, that *Common Sense* was universally perused, and loudly praised. For the minds of the Colonists had been prepared by the previous publication of *Burgh's Disquisitions*; and by the essays of similar writers:

“ Who fancy every thing that *is*,
“ For want of mending, much *amiss*.”

Common Sense was at that time written to support the *Congress*; but the *Congress* afterwards confuted *Common Sense*. At the end of seven years experience, the *Congress* determined after their independence, that anarchy is an evil to be avoided, and government a good to be cherished; that where happiness is the end proposed by a people, much must be sacrificed to the means, whereby this end can alone be secured. In this strain it was, that General Washington wrote the following paragraph, when he announced the final determinations of the united wisdom of the New World.—“ It is obviously impracticable in the federal government of these states, to secure all the rights of independent sovereignty to each, and yet provide for the interest and safety of all. Individuals, entering into society, must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest. The magnitude of the sacrifice must depend as well on situation and circumstance, as on the object to be obtained.” When all was done, that the pen could do, the sword was drawn, in 1776. But, the first onset was unfavourable to the American arms. The troops of *Congress* were expelled from Canada in June. They were defeated on Long-Island in August. They evacuated New York in September. They fled from the White Plains in October. And Fort Washington was taken by storm, on the 16th of November. In the midst of these defeats, *Pain* was prompted by his zeal, to join the army: but, whether to command, or to obey, curiosity could not discover amid the din of war. It is only certain, that he accompanied the retreat of Washington, from Hudson's River to the Delaware. When Washington had crossed the Delaware, the *Congress* fled. All were dismayed. Yet, *Pain* publickly thanked God, that he did not fear. He endeavoured, with no inconsiderable success, to inspire others with his confidence. It was with this design, that he published in the *Pennsylvania Journal*, on the 19th of December 1776, *The Crisis*, wherein he states every topic of hope, and examines every motive of apprehension. This *Essay* he continued to publish periodically, during the continuance of hostilities, as often as the necessity

sity of affairs required, that he should conceal truth, or propagate falsehood; that he should exhilarate despondency, or repress hope.

In the midst of that dismay, the Congress dispatched agents to foreign powers, to solicit warlike stores, and to engage experienced officers. Our adventurer did more real service, by publishing another *Crisis*, on the 13th of January 1777; whereby he inculcated on his readers to rely on their own firmness more than on the aid of strangers. At first, their European concerns were managed by a *Committee for secret Correspondence*: but, as their demands for European aid became more urgent, the Secret Committee was converted into the *Committee for foreign Affairs*. Of this Committee Pain was appointed Secretary, as an approbation of his writings, or as a reward of his labours. The political epistles of Congress rested afterwards in his hands: The foreign correspondence was now entrusted to his care. But, such was Pain's unfaithfulness that his present elevation ended ere long in his lasting disgrace. In December, 1777, Silas Deane, the first and ablest commercial agent of Congress in Europe, was recalled, to make room for William Lee, the well known Alderman of London. Deane arrived, in the river Delaware, on board the French fleet, in July, 1778. The Sieur Gerard was publickly received as the French agent by Congress, on the sixth of the subsequent August. In this manner was intrigue transferred to Philadelphia from Paris. Deane was twice heard by the Congress, on the 9th and 21st of August, in order to explain, what he had been recalled to elucidate, the Congress affairs in the European world.

Of those events, which thus interested the American world, Pain was no unconcerned spectator. He published his fifth *Crisis* on the 10th of June, 1778; his sixth *Crisis* in October, and his seventh in November thereafter. Without consulting his prudence, he attacked Deane, who, as a scholar, was superior to himself, and as an individual, was an honest man. Without listening to Common Sense, Pain involved in the controversy Robert Morris, the financier of the United States, who stepped from the floor of office, to correct his misrepresentations and repress his insolence. Without considering official decorum, Pain as secretary, retailed through the newspapers, what he confidentially knew from the foreign correspondence. The Sieur Gerard was scandalized at an imprudent infidelity, which disclosed the intrigues of his court. Of this misconduct the minister of France complained to the Congress. On the sixth of January, 1779, being ordered to attend the Congress, Pain was asked by Jay, the president, *If he were the author of the publications on Mr. Deane's affairs*; and answering Yes, he was ordered to withdraw. On the subsequent day he applied to Congress for an explanatory hearing; but on motion he was refused; the Congress, no doubt, considering, that the public officer, who had thus acknowledged his breach of trust, could not, by any explanation, re-establish his official credit. Pain was thus forced to give in his resignation of the office of *Secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs*, on the 8th of January, 1779. Yet, strange to tell, on the 16th of the same month, a motion was made in Congress, for dismissing him from the office, that he no longer held;

held: And, though there were fourteen members for it, to thirteen against it, the motion was lost; since the states, who alone could vote, were equal; there being five to five.

Pain however, did not repose in insignificance, when he ceased to be the secretary of a committee. He continued to bustle awhile; to boast of his services; and to complain of ingratitude. The Sieur Gerard imagined, that he whose infidelity had disclosed many secrets, might, by resentment, be induced to reveal still more. While Gerard complained to the Congress publickly, he intrigued with Pain privately. They had several meetings, the object of which was, that Pain should be silent about *Deane*. Gerard made him *a genteel and profitable offer*. But our adventurer was pledged to prosecute *Deane*. Gerard renewed his intrigues with Pain: Pain consoled with Gerard: Gerard wished for opportunities of shewing Pain more *solid marks of his friendship*. Pain professed, that Gerard's *esteem* should be the only recompence. Thus, a pension was offered, which was only declined; and a bribe was given, though it was not accepted*.

Pain was now made *master of arts* by the university of Pennsylvania. He was chosen a member of the American Philosophical Society, when it was revived by the Pennsylvania legislature, in 1780. He had the comfort of knowing, that though he had made enemies by his petulance, he had gained friends by his publications. And when the Congress had rejected him, as *unworthy of trust*, the assembly of Pennsylvania thought him fit for its clerk.

But though the Congress had wholly rejected Pain, he did not cease to scribble. Yet, all that he could write, or others could do, did not prevent the bankruptcy of Congress, in March, 1780, when their paper money ceased to circulate. He gave the American citizens, soon after, *A Crisis Extraordinary*. But, the pen had ceased to influence, during the clamour of contention, the intrigues of cabal, and the distrettes of war. Hostilities seemed to cease of themselves, in 1782, when all parties were weary of paying for victory and defeat.

The Abbé Raynal hastened to give his history of *the Revolution of America*, even before it was really atchieved. The American

* See those intrigues detailed by Pain himself, with little prudence and no forecast, in *Alm. Rem.* 1780, Part 1. p. 294—97. The following *public paper* will supply what is defective in Pain's detail, and evince that he is not entitled to call himself the Secretary of the Congress:

In Congress, January 12, 1779.

" Congress resumed the consideration of the publications in the Pennsylvania Packet of 2d and 5th instant, under the title of *Common Sense to the Public*, on Mr. *Deane's* *Affair*, of which Mr. *Thomas Paine*, *Secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs*, has acknowledged himself to be the author; and also the memorials of the Minister Plenipotentiary of France of the 5th and 10th instant, respecting the said publications; whereupon, *Resolved unanimously*, That in answer to the memorials of the Hon. Sieur Gerard, Minister Plenipotentiary of his Most Christian Majesty, of the 5th and 10th instant, the President be directed to assure the said Minister, that Congress do fully, and in the clearest and most explicit manner, disavow the publications referred to in the said memorials; and as they are convinced by indisputable evidence, that the supplies shipped in the *Amphitrite*, *Seine*, and *Mercury*, were not a present, and that his Most Christian Majesty, the great and generous ally of these United States, did not preface his alliance with any supplies whatever sent to America, so they have not authorised the writer of the said publications to make any such assertions as are contained therein; but on the contrary, do highly disapprove of the same."

citizens heard the Abbé with disgust rather than disapprobation. But it was his facts more than his falsities, his independence more than his servility, which gave them offence: he had asserted, that *none of the energetic causes, which had produced so many revolutions, existed among them*; neither religion, nor laws, had been outraged; the blood of no martyr, or patriot, had streamed from their scaffolds.

In August, 1782, as an answer, Pain wrote a *letter to the Abbé Raynal on the affairs of North America*. A battle of words was carried on through many pages, which, like other contests between writers, who mean to delude rather than instruct, had sooner forced conviction, if the disputants had only explained their own meaning.

Our author had scarcely dispatched his letter to Abbé Raynal, when he wrote an epistle to the Earl of Shelburne. The noble Earl had said in Parliament, it seems, in a tone which still vibrates in the ears of Englishmen, *that when Great Britain shall acknowledge American independence, the sun of Britain's glory is set for ever*. Pain reasons and laughs, and laughs and reasons with our Parliamentary prophet, through a little pamphlet of twenty-eight pages. We have outlived the time; yet many a parliamentary prophecy is still unfulfilled. Great-Britain still continues to walk with a giant's port among the powers of the earth, even without the help of the Earl's energy.

Our scribbler published his *last Crisis* on the 19th of April, 1783, the same day that a cessation of hostilities was proclaimed. This Essay was soon printed as a pamphlet, entitled *Pain's Thoughts on the Peace*. In eighteen pages, he concluded his valedictory oration in the following sentence: *Now, Gentlemen, you are independent; sit down, and be happy*. Without food, and raiment, and shelter, what man ever was happy? The American citizens were all surprized, that they were not happy. What happiness, alas! could they enjoy? They were all disappointed in their hopes; they were all exhausted in their fortunes; they were all suspicious in their tempers; they were all uneasy in their families.

Whether our adventurer smiled at the mischief, which his pen had done, or lamented that his prescriptions had not produced happiness, it is impossible to tell. He seems to have been silent; because, during the uproar of anarchy, even *Common Sense* could not be heard. He certainly suffered all the miseries of dependent penury. He busied himself for several years, in soliciting the American Assemblies to grant him some reward, for having contributed by his labours to make the American citizens independent, and miserable. New-York conferred on him forfeited lands at New-Rochelle, which, as they were neither tenanted, nor cultivated, brought him no annual income. Pennsylvania gave him five hundred pounds; which, at six per cent. may be considered as a pension of thirty pounds a year, current money, or eighteen pounds sterling; and thus were united, what he had determined to avoid, *pension* and *Pain* in the same paragraph. Whether any other of the States, or the Congress, relieved our author's needs, we have never heard. He became generally

nerally unpopular, as his character was better understood. When his principles and his pen were no longer of much use to the United States, Pain departed for France, in Autumn 1786; leaving the American Citizens to build up, as they could, the several fabrics, which he had contributed so powerfully to overturn; and a young woman, of New-York, of a reputable family, to deplore the effects of a profligacy, that will probably prevent his return to *America*.

What writers on government suppose to have happened, when men existed as savages, actually occurred, in America, during September, 1787. Three millions of people, who were urged by their miseries, assembled at Philadelphia, not indeed in person, but by delegates, to consider their present calamities. When these deputies met in *Convention*, with Washington at their head, they did not begin their deliberations, by reading Pain's *Common Sense*. But, considering the general misery as *a fact*, they proceeded to investigate the cause of a *fact*, which could not be disputed. By running furiously in quest of private liberty and of public independence, the people, said they, have involved themselves in anarchy, and reduced the States to imbecility. WE consider then, said the Convention and Washington, self-legislation, or anarchy, as the efficient cause of all our ills. WE must remove the *cause*, before we attempt to free the people from its *effects*. WE must put *restraints* upon self-legislation, upon self-action, upon self-redress. WE must sacrifice the principles, the passions, the prejudices, of *one*, to the safety of *millions*. WE must restrain the *liberty* of *each*, in order that the *whole* may be *free*. WE must, in this manner, establish *restraint* as the fundamental principle of the *Society*, into which we are about to enter.

In that numerous convention, there were men of republican principles, who, with Pain's *Common Sense* in their hands, and their own importance in their heads, spoke a very different language. With our last breath, said they, WE will retain self-legislation, that inherent right of man to will for himself. WE would as soon relinquish life itself, as part with self-action; because what are free-men, if they cannot do as they please?

In reply to these declamations, the convention and Washington begged them to remember the people's miseries. You have seen, that it is self-legislation, or the power of willing as each thinks proper, which is the real cause of all their sufferings: self-action, or the practice of doing what each thinks fit, is the genuine effect of that efficient cause; have you not felt how the young abuse the old; how the strong overpower the weak; how the wicked oppress the virtuous: can you enjoy your own liberty where such abuses exist, and where all legislate, and none obey? If you wish to be safe, you must relinquish this state of savageness for society: now, what is society, but a compact, either expressed, or understood, that private will shall submit to public will; that no *one* shall will or do any action, which is inconsistent with the rules of the many: and, what is this subordination and this obedience but restraint, that must necessarily be the foundation of society.

The few in this convention were, in this manner, obliged to submit to the wills, and what is of more importance, to the reasons of the many. And the convention and Washington proceeded to form their compact, which is the record of their union; to establish their constitution, which is the detail of its end; and to settle their government, which is the means of effectuating *the end of their union*.

In this manner, and upon those principles, was settled the present American government, which has answered in practice beyond expectation. It may be of use to investigate the causes of that establishment, and of that efficiency. Pain, who had inculcated by his *Common Sense*, that no power, which needs checking, can be from God; was now fortunately absent. Sad distress had induced the people to listen to plain truth; they had no longer a disposition to believe Pain's doctrine, that *the best government is a necessary evil*: and recent experience had fully convinced them, that there can be no security for property, freedom, and life, unless restraint be imposed by the laws, and government be obeyed, as the energy from which social happiness can alone be enjoyed.

Meantime, Pain safely arrived in Paris, the beginning of 1787. He carried with him his fame as a writer, and the model of a bridge; to shew that he had a genius, equally formed for mechanics, as for politics. The French academy viewed his model, and thanked him for the sight; but whether he gave the people of France a lesson or two of political happiness, we have never heard. It is however certain, that since the epoch of his visit, the French have proceeded regularly,

“ In falling out with that, or this,
“ And finding somewhat still amiss.”

Pain, like other animals who delight in savage life, longed to return to his old haunts. And he arrived at the White Bear, Piccadilly, on the 3d of September, 1787, just thirteen years after his departure for Philadelphia. Neither the length of time, nor the change of circumstances, prevented his former acquaintances from recognizing the specific staymaker, the individual grocer, the identical exciseman: but as he had taken French leave, he met some *old friends with new faces*. In London, he did not remain long. Before the end of September he hastened to Thetford, where he found his mother, though now advanced to the age of ninety, oppressed by penury. At the æra of independence, he had remitted to his necessitous parents twenty pounds, in payment, no doubt, of the money, which had been lent him on bond, before his emigration. He now talked of allowing his mother nine shillings a week, to be paid by one Whiteside, an American merchant, in London. But owing to the confusion in that trader's affairs, or to some other cause, this allowance was soon stopt. At Thetford, he seldom saw the *companions of his youth*; he went little out, being wholly occupied in reading, and in writing.

When Pain had finished his reading and his writing at Thetford, he returned to London: and before the end of the year 1787, he

published his *Prospects on the Rubicon*; or, *an Investigation into the Causes and Consequences of the Politics to be agitated at the Meeting of Parliament*. This is an octavo tract of sixty-eight pages, which treats of the state of the nation. The affairs of Holland, which were then unsettled, are now a subject for history, which will do justice to the conductors of a great transaction to a happy end. Beside temporary matters, our author gave his opinion of money, credit, and banking; of agriculture, and manufacture; of commerce and shipping: but, by remaining too long in America, he had allowed honest writers to teach the people not to be deluded by any factious pamphleteer. Pain's *prospects* soon faded from the public eye. And the news-papers took the liberty to tell him, that he who had lately shewn America the road to independence, and now endeavoured to exalt France over England, was a fit subject for transportation to the one, or a proper object for the Lamp-post of the other.

During the year 1788, Pain was chiefly occupied in building his bridge. For this end, he made a journey to Rotheram, in Yorkshire, in order to superintend the casting of the iron, by that ingenious man, Mr. Walker. While thus occupied at Rotheram, Pain's French familiarity is said not to have much pleased the English ladies. Their displeasure did not, however, prevent the operations of the furnace: and the bridge was at length erected, in a close at Leafing-Green; being an arch constructed of iron, one hundred and ten feet in the span, five feet from the spring, and twenty-two feet in breadth. It was erected chiefly at the charge of Mr. Walker; but the project had cost the projector a large sum, which was mostly furnished by Mr. Whiteside, the American merchant, who soon discovered, that *advances without returns* leave the trader, ere long, without money or credit.

It is, however, happy for mankind, that imprudence and folly seldom escape punishment. Whiteside, by trusting much money in bad hands, soon became a bankrupt. The assignees, seeing so great a sum as six hundred and twenty pounds charged against Pain, caused him to be arrested on the 29th of October, 1789, at the White Bear, in Piccadilly. He was carried to that commodious sponging house, which is kept by Armstrong, in Carey-street. Here he lay, for three weeks, in *durance vile*. But at length, paying four hundred and sixty pounds, which he had received from America, and giving his note for one hundred and sixty more, Pain was set free, in November, 1789, to pursue his projects, and to scribble pamphlets.

While thus restrained in Carey-street, by a power which he had never authorized, our adventurer was not inattentive to French affairs. He now hastened to France, in order to fan the rising flame. He was at length gratified, by enjoying the harvest of his own labours, and had the additional pleasure of perusing Dr. Price's sermon which had been frowned from England, into France. But, while he saw the people of France thinking and *acting for themselves*,

selvers, he heard with astonishment, no doubt, that the people of England were about to resign the prerogative of thinking.

In this *Crisis*, our adventurer recrossed the channel. He was encountered, as he ran to London, by Mr. Burke's pamphlet, which was published a few days before the sad celebration of the French Revolution, on the 5th of November, 1790. He might have heard indeed, what doubtless quickened his steps, that such a work was in the press, and though long delayed, was at length to appear. To Mr. Burke's pamphlet, every week produced a new answer. But, as his antagonists fought him on his own ground of law, their attacks were easily repulsed. The zealots of sedition cried out for a new assault, upon a fresh field, and with new weapons, according to the approved method of wordy warfare.

In this manner was our scribbler induced to furbish up his old weapons of *Common Sense*, to fashion his *Crisis*, ordinary and extraordinary, into a new cuirass, and to review his prospects, that he might take the vantage ground to

“ Decide all controversies by
“ Infallible artillery.”

A few months labour produced the far-famed pamphlet, on the *Rights of Man*. It was printed, in February 1791, for that zealous citizen, Mr. J. Johnson, in St. Paul's Church-yard; but his regard for the *shop* induced him to decline the selling of prohibited goods, though he occasionally dealt in Dr. Priestley's wares. This unexpected refusal caused a month's delay. A few copies were, however, smuggled into private hands. Impatience was now apparent on every face. At length, on the 13th of March, 1791, this tract, that had been thought too treasonable, was delivered to the public, by Mr. J. S. Jordan, at No. 166, Fleet-street, who for this publication has since been prosecuted and found guilty of seditious practices.

To Pain this was a moment of peculiar anxiety. Beside his cares for his book, he feared that the messengers of the press might be even then prowling for their prey. And in order to carry the hounds off their scent, the French minister ran about, whispering in every ear, that he had last night procured Mr. Pain a pass for Paris; though every Englishman, to whom this tale was told, did not hear with the same patience that foreign agents should trouble themselves with English affairs. While concealment was thus studiously consulted, the messengers of the press did not trouble themselves about Pain or his pamphlet.

Such was the agency by which this production was brought into the notice of the English nation. There were numbers, no doubt, who praised it; because they wished that its tenets were triumphant. There are some who, in every country, rejoice to see real learning defied by gross illiterature. And the Constitutional Society, whose business it is to spread constitutional information, strenuously recommended this seditious tract to the perusal of the people.

But it was still to encounter the critics. They divided their strictures into two heads; the manner, and the matter. With regard to the first, they observed, that as the language immediately offers

itself to the reader's eye, and must ultimately inform the reader's understanding, it is an essential object of the critic's animadversion. Like fair critics, they gave examples, as the best proofs of their precepts; and they arranged their observations, and stated their quotations in the following order:

THE BAD GRAMMAR OF A CHILD.—THE BAD GRAMMAR OF A MAN.—BARBARISM.—SOLECISM.—IMPROPRIETY.

The critics proceeded, *Secondly*, as they had proposed, from the language to the sentiment; from the manner to the matter of our author's great performance.

This is a disquisition, said they, with regard to **RIGHTS OF MAN**. And with great artifice he follows up his delusive purpose, by enlarging chiefly on the *savage rights* of men, without regarding much their *social rights*.

The critics were thence led into a very learned inquiry as to *the cause that NONSENSE so often escapes being detected, both by THE WRITER and THE READER*. They discovered various causes of this common occurrence; namely, confusion of thought; affectation of excellence; want of meaning; and considering, that our author's pamphlet had been affectedly praised, and politically propagated, they exhibited various examples of our author's NONSENSE.

After a learned exposition of the causes *why writers write, and readers read NONSENSE*, without perceiving that they write and read *nonsensically*, the critics proceeded regularly to review the matter of Mr. Pain's pamphlet under the *three heads*, into which he divides it himself: the *argument, the history, the miscellaneous*.

It was a sad sight, said they, to see, at the opening of the controversy, Pain turn his back on his opponent. Mr. Burke had considered the British Constitution as an *actual authority*, and the legislative power, the executive power, and the judicial power, as *existing energies*, that preserve the quiet of the public, and produce the happiness of the people. On the other hand, Mr. Pain, throughout his *argument*, not only supposes, but asserts, that the *British constitution no where exists*. As a logician, then, he supposes what he ought to prove; he talks in opposition to facts; and he endeavours to persuade others to deny the authority of those laws, to which he had been himself obliged to submit when confined in a sponging-house.

The great art, said the critics, of Mr. Pain, as a writer, consists in misquoting plainly, or misrepresenting designedly, the positions of his adversary: without reflecting, that the day of detection would come, when the sophister would be exhibited to those whom he tried to delude, as an object of ridicule.

In treating of *rights of man*, said the critics, Mr. Pain either artfully, or ignorantly, refers always to the rights of savages; never to the rights of *citizens*. Every nation, however civilized, or however savage, has its own *civil rights*: we speak familiarly of the rights of Englishmen, the rights of Dutchmen, and the rights of Russians. All those various rights spring out of their several constitutions. If there be a question with regard to the rights of Englishmen,

lishmen, we must refer, for a resolution, to the laws of Englishmen. And, in the same manner, if it be inquired, what fact constitutes the crime of *swindling* in England, we must refer to the statute, which describes the offence; so of perjury, forgery, and other offences, which, as they infringe the rights of particular citizens, are regarded as attacks upon the whole society.

This grand question, then, is to be determined by the maxims of general society; by the rules of the particular society of Great Britain. Thus much being settled, said the critics, there can be no doubt, that according to the laws of the land, every man, any number of men, any community, may petition for redress of grievances; for the repeal of an old law, or the introduction of a new one. This is done daily, during the sitting of parliament, and it is done rightfully.

But the question is, whether, according to the laws of Great Britain, any man, any number of men, any club of men, may attempt by violence to change government, or to alter the constitution. The answer is, that the laws of Great Britain do not allow such attempts; that the laws of Great-Britain punish all persons, as traitors, who make such attempts. Thus, Lord Loughborough explained the law, upon the point, when he delivered his charge to the grand jury, in the Borough, who was to indict the rioters, in 1780. Thus, upon the trial of Lord George Gordon, Lord Mansfield declared the opinion of the whole court, which was not controverted by any lawyer, or any man.

But this mode of reasoning has no weight with Mr. Pain. He declares the constitution of Great Britain not to exist: the laws not to exist; the government not to exist; though every one feels the protection they give, and knows the punishment they inflict. It is not sufficient to *assert* any position, upon which *Revolutions* are to be built. Every reasoner must prove his own premises, before he be allowed to draw his conclusions. Now, as it is a fact, to the truth of which the senses of a whole nation bear testimony, that the constitution, and laws, and government of Great Britain do exist, it is apparent, that Pain, as a reasoner, argues here, and through the greater part of his pamphlet, against facts.

What would be the immediate consequences of annihilating the *constitution* and the laws by a *tumult*? All the rights of society, which are emanations from them, would be annihilated by the same stroke of violence. Whoever holds any right under the common law, would lose it; whoever enjoys any privilege under an act of parliament, would lose it; whoever partakes of any franchise from a charter, would lose it: for all those rights are derived only from the laws of society.

The critics proceeded, *secondly*, to consider the *historical part* of Pain's pamphlet. As an historian, he plainly takes his side. A party-pamphlet may answer a party-purpose: but mankind agree to reprobate a party-history.

The critics proceeded, *thirdly*, to the *miscellaneous part* of Pain's pamphlet. All that he had retailed in his *Prospects on the Rubicon*, with regard to money, and credit, and commerce, he interweaves into his *Rights of Man*. As he deals much in assertions, he now disposes

disposes of great abundance of such goods. He is, however, chiefly anxious to prove, that there is no wealth but money. The cattle of the farmer are not wealth, it seems ; whatever wares the shop-keeper may have in the warehouse, he is not wealthy, if he have no money in the till ; the knowledge and industry of a tradesman are not wealth, if he have no cash in the chest. By thus asserting money alone to be wealth, and shewing how much coin had been brought into this island, and how little remained in it ; he endeavours to prove, in opposition to facts, that Great Britain has, at present, less commerce and opulence, than this island had, in former times.

Notwithstanding the *reviews* of criticism, our scribbler received the applause of party ; as he promoted the interests of faction.

Pain was highly gratified by such attentions ; yet he was not happy. Like honest Rousseau, he longed for prosecution. While fluttering on the wing for Paris, he hovèred about London a whole week, waiting to be taken, not by the catchpoles of creditors, but by the runners of Bow-street.

At length, stung by disappointment, Pain departed for Paris, about the middle of May, 1791. He soon found, that in France his prescriptions had worked wonders. The land was tumultuous, the government was dissolved, and people were involved in the miseries of anarchy.

An example soon occurred, which ought to have instructed him in the folly of his principles. In the mob, which assembled to see the return of the king, Pain ran the risque of being hanged for being without a cockade in his hat. He was now left to balance in the scale, whether the folly of one man, or the frenzy of the mob, be most mischievous, or more inconsistent with freedom.

In the midst of this turmoil, our scribbler endeavoured, with more confidence than success, to enter into a political contest with the Abbé Syeyes, who was the father of the new constitution of France, and who avowed his purpose to defend his own principles against the republican system. Pain now avowedly *declared war against the whole HELL of monarchy*. The Abbé, however, could not leave his daily occupations to fill the journals with controversy. Pain was preparing for his return to England. And thus ended the dispute ; which is not much to be lamented ; because, both parties had carried their principles into extremes, without once looking forward to future consequences.

Pain returned to the White Bear, Piccadilly, on the 13th of July, 1791, just time enough to partake in the celebration of the French revolution, on the subsequent day. Yet it was deemed proper, that he should not appear at the dinner : and he came not to the Crown and Anchor Tavern till eight o'clock, when the celebrators had been hissed away by the multitude. He partook, however, in the mortifications, which the avowed designs of the republicans soon drew down on themselves. When the people saw them braving the laws, without regarding the general opinion, or the peace of the country, the public indignation broke forth with a discriminating violence, which,

which, as it had seldom been experienced, was never more decisive. The republicans, however, made an unsuccessful effort to regain their influence with the mob: and, with this design, they published from the Thatched-house Tavern, on the 20th of August, 1791, a *sedition declaration*, which induced the tavern-keeper to forbid them his house, and which Pain has avowed to be the production of his own pen.

After this storm a calm ensued. Pain deemed this a fit occasion to visit our sister kingdom; with the intention of giving the Irish a few lessons of political happiness. But, on the eve of his departure, he received certain information, that a *monstrous good natured friend* had published this *Narrative of his Life*, through every county, town, and village of Ireland; in order to shew the Irish how much they might trust to his *veracity*, and how much they might profit from his *morals*. On this news, Mr. Pain retired to Greenwich, where he might carry on, unseen, his *declared war* against the happy constitution of England.

From this obscurity he emerged, on the eve of the *gunpowder plot*, at the accustomed commemoration of the 4th of November, by the Revolution Society, though he avows his detestation of king William and queen Mary. On this day, he seems to have been a welcome guest. When his health was drank, Pain gave, in return, as his toast, “*The Revolution of the World.*” When the meaning was asked, there were, who cried—

“ Cease expositor! the text is plain:
“ No church, no lord, no law, no sovereign.”

From the festive scene, Pain retired into the recesses of FETTER-LANE. He gave up the world awhile, and was by the world given up: even the bailiffs prowled for him in vain. He conversed with no person but Mr. Horne Tooke. No one knew the place of his concealment, except Mr. Chapman the printer, who, being employed to print the *second part* of the *old tune*, was necessarily entrusted. At the hospitable table of Mr. Chapman, he used to spend a pleasant evening, after the solitary labours of the day. This commodious intercourse continued for several months; but on the 16th of January, 1792, Pain, with his usual attention to the rights of women, insulted Mr. Chapman’s wife. The printer turned the author out of doors, without regarding his dignity, or his *independance*; exclaiming, that he had no more principle than a post, and no more religion than a ruffian.

In this extremity, Pain’s resources did not fail him. What would have been a disgrace to other men, this politician converted into an accommodation. He announced in the newspapers, without regarding truth, that the messengers of the press, having frightened his printer, had obliged him to employ a different workman. The part of the work, which had been rejected by Mr. Chapman, was transferred to Mr. Crowther, who, as all other of Pain’s printers and booksellers have each had a quarrel with him, will also have his.

But the English world was too busy with its own affairs, to interest itself in the squabble between Pain and his printer. It was presumed, that

that the printer, who had printed Part the First of *Rights of Man*, need have no scruples about Part the Second.

This is a three shilling pamphlet, which is still larger than *part the first*, and which, with its dedication to Mr. Fayette, its preface, its introduction, its five chapters, and its appendix, extends to one hundred and seventy-eight pages.

Writers there are, who, whatever may be their object, carry on their attacks by sap rather than assault. Pain boldly avows his purpose. He declares WAR against the constitution, the liberty, and property, of England, as by law established. He marches out with his blood-hounds, to hunt down every thing, which is established in the world, however sacred, and however legal. He is not scrupulous about the means, in order to gain his end; which is plainly to overthrow all that is constitutional, and to degrade all that is sacred.

A malignant critic might find in every paragraph of Pain's pamphlet, **BAD ENGLISH—GROSS IMPROPRIETIES—BALDERDASH—MISREPRESENTATION—FALSE FACTS—and, FALSE REASONING.**

With **RELIGION**, indeed, he did not meddle much in his Part the Second. We may as well talk of a national God, he says, as of a *national Religion*. It is, according to him, either political craft, or the remains of the Pagan System. Let the reader, however, remember, that,

“ The **ATHEIST** says, **RELIGION**
“ Is the fool's badge, worn by policy,
“ As horse wear trappings, to seem fair in show,
“ And make the world's eye doat on what we seem.”

The Societies no longer distributed Pain's books by avowed advertisement. They had been told, by the periodical publications, that to patronize profligacy, and to propagate falsehood, would degrade the English character. Jordan, the publisher of Pain's writings, is now to suffer punishment as a libeller, though he acted merely as an instrument, while others enjoyed the profit. It was a dissenting bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, who was the real undertaker, for circulating, by *private influence*, what no wise or good man can seriously approve. When turbulent spirits propagate, by underhand artifice, the writings of a man, whose chief end is to promote general anarchy, it then becomes apparent that

—————“ **Sedition walks**
“ With claws bowed in, and a close mouth, which only
“ She keeps for opportunity of prey.”

Whatever profit Pain may have made by his publications, he appears to have made no haste to pay the debts, which he contracted formerly as a staymaker, or recently as a statesman. For his note of hand to the assignees of Whiteside, the Bankrupt, which we may remember he gave, when he was released from Armstrong's sponging-house, he was arrested on the 13th of April, 1792, when celebrating the anniversary of the Constitutional Society, at the London Tavern. He who so actively tells, that we have no existing law, was seized so secretly by the law, that the society knew nothing of his arrest. He was carried along the street by Wild, the Bailiff, to the King's-head sponging-

sponging-house, in Wood-street. From the confinement, which he now suffered on account of his dishonesty, rather than his want, he was soon released by Mr. Joseph Johnson, the bookseller, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and Mr. George Wilkie, a bookseller, who became his bail. Mr. Wilkie manfully disavowed in the Newspapers, that he had any connection with such a character as Pain, for whom he became bail, merely to oblige his neighbour Mr. Johnson.

Pain now redoubled his diligence to destroy the law, which had lately obliged him to pay his just debts. For this end, he ran about London and Southwark, forming *Jacobin Societies*, which for several months, have employed their zeal in overthrowing the Constitution, by propagating discontent and raising tumults.

Whether, in prosecution of these projects, he tried to debauch the Soldiers, by writing the *Soldier's friend*, is uncertain. Other pamphlets he avowedly wrote, which, being only repetitions of what he had already written, only shewed the malignity of his spirit, without attracting the regard of the public. He was in the mean time an active contributor to *THE ARGUS*, of those treasonable paragraphs, which made it necessary for Perry, the Editor, to flee from the face of the law, and which have finally suppressed the *Paper*.

In proportion as Pain's exertions were destructive of the happiness of England, they were rewarded by France, which made him a citizen. He was even chosen a member of the convention, that the *Jacobin* clubs were about to form at Paris, of turbulent spirits from every quarter of the world. On the 13th of September, 1792, he departed from London for Paris, in order to take his seat in this convention. On the subsequent day, he appeared at the Bell Inn, in Sandwich, where the dishonest staymaker, the swindling tradesman, and the cruel husband, was recognized. And, he found it necessary to drive off with speed for Dover. Here too was he recognized, as the same staymaker, who had beguiled honest Grace of his money, and his daughter. And, here he was obliged to skulk till the packet carried him to Calais. In this manner, was Pain driven away by popular indignation from England, and received with popular applause in France.

What may be Pain's subsequent course or *fate*, it is impossible to foretel. But without the spirit of prophecy, it may be foretold, that in whatever country he may be, or in whatever station he may act, he will carry this *genuine history* of his life along with him, as a badge upon his back, which will announce to all, that as a man, Pain has no *moral* character; and as a writer, that he is entitled to no *literary* fame; that wherever he may be, his great aim is to incite anarchy; but that his power of performance is not always equal to the vigour of his will.

“ Mischief attempted, if it want success,
“ Is the contriver's punishment; as darts
“ Shot at resisting walls, in their return,
“ May light on them, that did direct them.”

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